

# THE BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
ROSS & ROSSER.  
Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, - JULY 10, 1862.

We clip the following from the Hillsborough (Ohio) Gazette, a model democratic paper, and one of the most efficient organs for the promulgation and diffusion of democratic principles in the State of Ohio. It is one among the neatest and best edited sheets we receive in our sanctum, and under the management of Col. PIRK, it cannot fail of accomplishing much good for the cause in which it has enlisted. Success to you Col., and may you live a 'thousand and one years and your shadow never grow less.' To many of our brethren, of the press, have been indebted for similar manifestations of kindness and words of cheer, but we will not trespass further on our readers. Suffice it to say that the eternal principles of truth, justice and democracy, shall govern the columns of the Bulletin, and the best interest of the State and our common country shall be kept constantly in view.

NEW PAPER IN MAYSVILLE, KY.—We are in receipt of the first and second numbers of a new Democratic paper, called the *Dollar Weekly Bulletin*, published in the city of Maysville, Ky., by our worthy young friends JAMES ROSS and GEORGE ROSSER, two as amiable and worthy young gentlemen as can be found in any community. We have known them both from their early youth, and it gives us pleasure to bear testimony to their worth and general good character. The *Bulletin* is of Imperial size, neatly printed, and edited with sprightliness and ability. We welcome it to our exchange list, with a hope that it may live to a good old age and enjoy the same liberal patronage that was extended to us during our editorial career in that city. The Democracy of Kentucky need good Democratic papers just now, and we desire to see such re-established and sustained there.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.

## The Disaster before Richmond.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, July 3.

At last it is out! A week ago to-day began, before Richmond, a series of five-day battles, the result of which, mystify it as you may soften the disappointment, is a decided reverse.

There are glorifications of the "brilliant strategy" of changing the base of operations that only raises the wonder why, if the James River base were so vastly superior, it was not discovered four weeks ago, before the time had been wasted and the army had been scourged by the malaria of the Chickahominy swamp; there are confused accounts of desperate fights, that leave one in doubt whether we won or lost, or whether so losing were not more honorable than the most brilliant victory; there are strange stories of fearful slaughter, of the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of army stores at White House, of the loss of our siege-guns, and of other disasters so crushing that we refuse to believe them till forced to it; but, in the absence of the official bulletins which the mistaken policy of the Government still withholds, there is, at least, out of the thickening reports of reverses that come crowding upon us, which we are compelled to accept: The President admitted yesterday, to an officer, who, of right, demanded that the silence of the Government should be broken, that McClellan had been seriously defeated, and that he called for fifty thousand more men. Details will be coming in for weeks, but that is the key-note to the whole heart sickening story.

## THE STANTON AND McCLELLAN WAR.

Meantime the most violent warfare rages between the Secretary of War and the General in command before Richmond. The friends of Stanton point to the defeat, and say that Stanton had predicted it, and if he had his way, the army would have been commanded by a man who would have averted it. The friends of McClellan charge the whole responsibility upon Stanton; declare that he interfered with McClellan's plans; scattered his troops; withheld from him reinforcements; and invited the defeat we have received. The friends of Stanton declare that McClellan is abundantly proved incompetent, and must go out; the friends of McClellan declare that Stanton's meddling and arbitrary interference has produced disaster enough, and that he must go out. It is not impossible that the fight may end like that of the Kilkenny cats, and that both may go out.

## THE LESSON OF THE HOUR.

Whatever may be the result, the voice of a people wearied out with these factions quivers is sure to come up to the President, in tones he can no longer fail to hear or heed. Its utterance will be simple: "Now and hereafter you must take the responsibility."

THE FRENCH STANDING ARMY.—The Paris correspondent of the *Courier des Etats Unis* in his last letter to that journal, says: Lord Palmerston some time since estimated, in Parliament, the French army to be composed, on the 1st of May, of about 816,000 men, of whom 616,000 were under arms, and 170,000 in the reserve. The *Moniteur*, in a recent article, corrects the noble lord by stating the number men under arms to be 447,000, and the reserve 170,000; a difference between Lord Palmerston's estimate and the actual number, of over 200,000. Lord Palmerston, however, recently corrected, to a certain extent, his misstatements.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.—The New York Tribune is one of the advanced mediums of Abolitionism. It reflects, however, the doctrines to which all Abolitionists are tending. In a recent issue it declares it "should be happy to blot the word negro out of our Constitution, politics and statutes, and know no distinction in law founded upon color or race." What an attractive country this would be with four millions of negroes mixed in with its white population on terms of legal and political equality!—Chicago Times.

When the Democratic press used to charge years ago that such was the design of the Abolitionists, it was denounced as a base libel by Republican organs.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As there is considerable excitement as regards the state of affairs before Richmond, we have endeavored to give our readers the latest and most reliable news which has come to hand. We let the Richmond battles speak for themselves. There has been much hard fighting done, and immense slaughter on both sides. The National Army appears to have been greatly outnumbered by the Confederate and were compelled to fall back. Indirect intelligence informs us that Genl. McClellan, has again assumed the offensive. He is represented as having attacked the confederates last week, and driven them before him at all points, and gained so much ground as to enable him to advance his pickets to the Chickahominy. Burnside had also communicated with him, but up to latest advices had not left Newburn. The statement that he had recently been reinforced by 40,000 men is contradicted.

The whole number of Confederate troops reported to be at Richmond by rebel prisoners amount fully to 200,000 men. Genl. Lee, has the chief command, and Generals Beauregard, Johnson and Jackson were commanders of the corps under him. In regard to the report of Genl. Jackson's death, they speak of it in such a manner as to lead one to believe it is a mere ruse on the part of the Confederates.

They declare that it is an utter impossibility for the Union army to take Richmond, either by land or water—by land on account of the number of troops, and by water on account of the defenses of James River. Of the latter Fort Darling is only one. Besides this fort, three iron batteries have also been erected, mounted with heavy guns, and casemated for the protection of the gunners.

We have intimations from Washington of early effective movements of the whole Western army. We cannot conceive what it means, unless Halleck is to advance from his Corinth line, with the design of clearing out the rebels in Mississippi and Alabama, and at once endeavor to occupy and fortify the Cotton States.

The Europa from Liverpool on the 28th, via Queenstown 29th, brings news two days later than the Kangaroo.

The receipt of the Persia's news in Liverpool caused an increased excitement in the cotton market and an advance in prices.

The London Times says in regard to the war in America, the news shows that nothing much can be expected before fall, and it hopes that means will be devised before that time to put an end to the conflict.

The Richmond Dispatch of Monday, states that a steamer had arrived in a Southern port, about the 23d, with 8,500 stand of arms and a large quantity of ammunition. Two schooners had arrived with salt and assorted merchandise, several other ships were on their way.

A dispatch from Memphis dated the 6th inst., says the ram *Lioness*, from Vicksburg, brings dates to July 2nd. When she left the bombardment was still going on, the rebel batteries replying occasionally. The city is said not to be so badly damaged as at first stated. The rebel force is stated to be 16,000. A story reached the fleet that several hundred of the rebels had been killed by the explosion of shells. The canal across the point of land opposite the city has been nearly completed. Negro workmen have been collected from various plantations in the vicinity. It is supposed that when the ditch is finished the river would cut a wide channel during high water and forever leave Vicksburg an inland village.

## Up Stream by Flat-boat.

There have been many queer things in the official telegraphic dispatches from Maj. Gen. Halleck, who, fine soldier though he unquestionably is, sometimes suffers from a *lapses penne*, or from thoughtlessness. The drollest mistake the General has made, was in his recent dispatch about his affairs in Arkansas, in which he said that "Gov. Rector and the rebel Government had fled from Little Rock, on a flat-boat, towards Fort Smith." That flat-boat evidently belongs to the Arkansas, on a flat-boat and fifty miles by water from Little Rock. The distance by land is only about one hundred and sixty miles. If Gen. Halleck had ever tried to reach a flat-boat from Little Rock to Fort Smith, along the tortuous course of the Arkansas, against the swift current and amid its countless snags and sandbars, he severely would have telegraphed to Secretary Stanton that the Arkansas Governor had "fled" by that method. The report must have been given to Gen. Halleck by "an intelligent contraband," a "reliable gentleman from the South," or by a veracious "deserter from the rebel army." In either case it is nonsense. If Gov. Rector has "fled" to Fort Smith, he has taken a steamboat or the ordinary stage road.—Phil. Bulletin.

AN EXCELLENT SENTIMENT.—In the late Democratic Convention in Fairfield County, Ohio, Dr. Ooms offered the following resolution, which was enthusiastically adopted: "Resolved, That we are in favor of the Union as it was, the Constitution as it is, and the negroes where they are."

This is the sentiment of national, patriotic men every where.

A Western editor announces the death of a lady of his acquaintance, and touchingly adds: "In her decease the sick have lost an invaluable friend. Long will she seem to stand at their bedside, as she was wont, with the balm of consolation in one hand and a cup of thubarb in the other!"

It is stated that the Senate has postponed acting upon any more nominations for Brigadier Generals, as there are already more confirmed than there are brigades to be commanded.

## The Evacuation of General McClellan's Army from the Base of the Chickahominy to James River.

The New York Tribune's Gen. McClellan's Army correspondent, in describing the retreat of the federal army from the Chickahominy, says:

Were Heintzelman beaten it was utter ruin; if there were even one rebel division in front, the march to the James River would be disputed and delayed. It was an absolute necessity that the way be unimpeded. There were 25 miles of trains cooped up between the advance and rear guards.

Huddled among the wagons were 10,000 stragglers—for the credit of the nation be it said that four-fifths of them were wounded, sick, or utterly exhausted, and could not have stirred but for dread of the tobacco warehouses of the South. The confusion of this herd of men and mules, wagons and wounded, men on horse, men on foot, men by the roadside, men perched on wagons, men searching for water, men famishing for food, men lame and bleeding, men with ghastly eyes, looking out between bloody bandages, that hid the face—turn to some vivid account of the most pitiful part of Napoleon's retreat from Russia, and fill out the picture—the grim, gaunt, bloody picture of war in its most terrible features.

It was determined to move on during the night. The distance to Turkey Island Bridge, the point on James River which was to be reached by the direct road, was 6 miles. But those vast numbers could not move over one narrow road in day; hence every-by-road, no matter how circuitous, had been searched out by questioning prisoners and by cavalry excursions. Every one was filled by one of the advancing columns.—The whole front was in motion by 7 P. M. Gen. Keves in command of the advance. I rode with Gen. Howe's brigade, of Couch's division, taking a wagon-track through dense woods and precipitous ravines, winding sinuously far around to the left, and striking the river some distance below Turkey Island. Commencing at dusk, the march continued until daylight. The night was dark and fearful. Heavy thunder rolled in turn along every point of the horizon, and dark clouds spread the entire canopy. We were forbidden to speak aloud, and lest the light of a cigar should present a target for an ambush, we were cautioned not to smoke.—Ten miles of weary marching, with frequent halts, as some one of the hundred vehicles of the artillery train in our center, by a slight deviation, crashed against a tree, wore away the hours to dawn, when we debouched into a magnificent wheat field, and the smoke stack of the *Galena* was in sight. Xenophon's remnant of the ten thousand shouting "The seal the sea!" were not more glad than we.

Wakened from my couch of newly-cut wheat by sharp spears of eight o'clock sunlight stabbing my eyes, I rode to this place, and have since been industriously trying to ascertain the situation. I learn that twenty-five miles of wagon trains were moving last night, and that not a single disaster occurred to them. The entire siege train, one only of the heavy guns excepted, is brought safely off. The rear guard held White Oak Swamp, with prospect of heavy work to-day. A word as to the destruction of stores during the last two days. Porter's entire train was brought over the Chickahominy before the battle of Friday, hence nothing was lost there. At Savage's, when that place was abandoned, 1,700 cubic feet of ammunition and enormous heaps of Quartermasters' and Sutters' stores, officers' baggage and soldiers' knapsacks, were destroyed, and at every halting place since the fugit has been busy with whatever could be transported no further. True, from our last view of the *Galena*, value, but it is immense. One thing is certain—but little has fallen into the enemy's hands.

I close to ride back to the rear—now our front.

My note book says that at six o'clock the enemy commenced a determined attack on our extreme left, evidently with a design of flanking us. It was an awful firing that resounded from that smoke-clouded valley—not heavier than some in the earlier part of the engagement, but more steady and determined. I am told that some men on the other side and further up the river saw more than a dozen rebel regiments march in at that point, and remaining only a few minutes, flit out a little distance up the ravine. It was only by overcasting my eyes with fresh ones that the enemy succeeded in turning that flank, as at length he did succeed only too well; and he accomplished it in three quarters of an hour. At the expiration of that time our officers judiciously ordered their men to fall back; the order was not obeyed so judiciously, for they ran back broken, disordered, routed. Simultaneously the wounded and skulkers about the buildings used as hospitals caught a panic, whether from a few riderless horses plunging madly across the field, or from instantaneously scenting the route, does not appear. A muley mob started pell-mell for the bridges. They were overtaken by many just from the woods, and it seemed as if Bull Run were to be repeated.

As the infantry betook themselves from the point of attack, some twenty guns, fortunately posted in the morning for such an emergency, and which had not yet made a sign, opened a terrific fire of canister at short range. The enemy recoiled. The bridge of Lodi was not half so terrible. Until night set in, until the valley of the Chickahominy was enshrouded with sulphur, until their ammunition was exhausted, and many of them went upon the field with over 200 rounds—did those guns hold the raging enemy at bay.

Meanwhile the panic extended. Scores of gallant officers endeavored to rally and reform the stragglers, but in vain, while many officers forgot the pride of their shoulder straps, and the honor of their manhood, and herded with sneaks and cowards. Oh! that I had known the names of those officers I saw, the brave and the cowardly, that here, now, I might reward and punish by directing upon, each individual the respect or the contempt of a whole people. That scene was not one to be forgotten.—Scores of riderless, terrified horses dashing in every direction; thick-flying bullets singing by, admonishing of danger; every minute a man struck down; wagons and ambulances and cannon blockading the way; wounded men limping and groaning; and bleeding amid the throng officers and citizens denouncing and reasoning and entreating, and being insensibly borne along with the mass, the suburbs cannoning; the clouds of battle-smoke, and the sun just disappearing, large and blood red—I can not picture it, but I see it, and always shall.

Among those most earnest in withstanding the frightened host, was Ex-Governor Wood, of Illinois. A large, handsome old man, with a flowing white beard and the voice of a Stentor. I should not have been astonished had some old patriarch risen from the dead and calling to them; had one risen from the dead they would not have heeded him. I thought, too, of the old regicide who left his concealment to head the simple Puritan villagers against the savages, and then vanished as quickly, leaving his appearance as the tradition of a heavenly visitant.

About this time a new battery and two fresh regiments of Meagher's brigade were brought up, headed by that officer. The mob parted, and they passed rapidly through, cheering as they went. The answering cheers were sickly.

I do not wish to be harsh with these men. Many of them had fought and marched all the previous day and night. The day was excessively hot. The men were exhausted. I do not think they left the field with an average of two cartridges to the man. If there was a single regiment that did not go into the battle with spirit to maintain it with credit, I do not know it. Besides, he must be a brave and a strong man who whips three of equal training. This much in extenuation. Add to it the statement of several Generals, that men never fought better. Still, I can not refrain from expressing the one thought that possessed me at the time—the fact that 10,000 men were in full retreat.

Some time after the main body passed on, when that stream had become decently small, in company with Gov. Wood, I rode to find the Illinois Cavalry, and came upon them stretched across the plain halting every unwounded man. They had cooped up several thousand, but the task of reforming them was found impossible by even such officers as their Colonel and Major Clendenin, and they were at length permitted to continue rearward.

I crossed the Chickahominy at 11 P. M., at which time comparative order had been restored. The enemy were in possession of our hospitals and the battle-field, but we still showed a determined front. It was not known by the Brigadier Generals whether we should try to hold the position the next day, or cross the river during the night.

## The Tax Bill.

There is a good deal of humor in the following satire upon the Tax Bill; and is at least as readable as the bill itself. Were the suggestions carried out, it would unquestionably swell the revenue:

Snuff boxes are to pay tax of \$1 per year. For ever pinch of snuff given to a friend, 3 cents. For asking a friend to drink, 35 cents. For playing billiards, 25 cents. License to kill woodcock, \$3 per year. Tax on mousetraps, \$2 per month. On whippers, other than those belonging to cats and dogs, \$3 per month. For blowing the nose in the public streets, 75 cents. In country roads, 50 cents. License to shoot rabbits, \$1. To shoot martins, \$1. If "China-alley" are used in the game, a further tax of 40c. To play euchre, \$150. If the two boards are held, a further tax of 50 cents. Murd'ry-gurdies are to pay a tax of \$1 per tune. Mocking birds, 75 cents. To squeezy in the public highway, 15c. If accompanied with unusual noise 25c. License to peddle firewood, \$2 per month. License to beg old victuals, \$1 50. License to gather bones, \$2. Every person taking an affidavit shall be assessed 25 cents.

Ordinary cursing and swearing to pay five cents an oath, and swearing to be measured by a *circumferenter* to be furnished by the Secretary of the Treasury. Let me add the following: For not reading the number of Knick containing my articles, \$100.00. For not hearing H. Ward Beecher once a month, 25 cents. For all "round dances," 25 cents per pop. For every button on a coat, 3 cents. For carrying a cane, \$1. For longoons or quizzing glasses, \$1. For using expressly prepared muckilage, 2 cents per pop.

For using pens, \$1 per annum. For using pencils, \$1 per annum. On all keys in use, 6 cents. Bouquets of flowers, 2 cents. For kissing anybody except relatives, 25 cents each time. (N. B. Engaged couples may "commute" for \$10 per month.) For ringing door bells or knockers, 1c. For not using scraper or door mat, \$10. For looking at a lady anywhere, \$10. For shaking hands with ladies, 10 cents. For squeezing said hands, \$10. For not squeezing hands when "circumstances favor" \$10.

For quizzing French, 25 cents. For saying "in our midst," or "pending," or "donate," or "proven," \$1. For writing one's name as Marie, Pollie, Sallie, Maggie, or Julie, \$1. For joining the Carle-Sone Christian Association, and waiting at the door to "see the ladies come out," \$10. For "chor-ing spruce gum," 1 cent. For keeping the register of "who's engaged," \$1 per name.

For noticing with whom any or every body walks, where they go, etc., for each indulgence \$50. For recording any thing not strictly your own business, \$50. For responding in church like a blatant wild bull, \$10. For talking in the opera, \$10. For calling for encore, \$200. For asking friends to take tickets to any thing, \$100.

For reading your own literary composition to any one, \$1. For doing same to editor, or offering to do it, \$1,000. For borrowing anything, \$1. For staying later than 11 P. M. when calling, \$5 per hour. For the boorish carelessness of calling at office or other place and not leaving your name, \$10.

Johnson J. Hooper, of Alabama, died in Memphis last week. He was widely known in literary circles of this country as a comic writer. He was the author of "Simon Suggs," and other works of a kindred character. Many persons in Tennessee will recollect him as a kind, genial man, in whose society a few hours could always be pleasantly spent. Mr. Hooper was celebrated as a sportsman, and was always considered an authority in deciding questions that arise to the proper prosecution of the various sports in which so many of our countrymen take delight.

For the Dollar Weekly Bulletin.

## MEMORY!

What is Memory? 'Tis the light  
That hallows life—a ray profound  
Upon the brow of mental might:  
An echo! Time the passing sound:  
A mirror—its bright surface shows  
Hope, fear, grief, love, delight, regret,  
A generous Spring, a beam which glows,  
Long after sun and star have set:  
A leaf, nor storm, nor blight can fade,  
An arch in Time's bereaving sea;  
A perfume from a flower decayed:  
A treasure from Eternity!  
WASHINGTON CITY, June 28, '62.

## Gen. Beauregard's Account of his Retreat from Corinth.

We find the following in the Mobile New of the 19th:

HEADQUARTERS OF WESTERN DEP'T.  
June 17, 1862.

GENTLEMEN:—My attention has just been called to the following dispatch—published in your issue of yesterday—of Major General Halleck, commanding enemy's forces, which, coming from such a source, is most remarkable in one respect: that it contains as many misrepresentations as lines:

WASHINGTON, June 5, 1862.—The following dispatch was received this afternoon at the War Department:

HALLECK'S HEADQUARTERS.  
June 1st, 1862.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:  
Gen. Pope, with 40,000 men, is 30 miles south of Corinth, pushing the enemy hard. He already reports 10,000 prisoners and deserters from the enemy, and 15,000 stand of arms captured. Thousands of the enemy are throwing away their arms. A farmer says that when Beauregard learned that Col. Elliott had cut the railroad on his line of retreat, he became frantic, and told his men to save themselves selves the best way they could.

We have captured nine locomotives and a number of cars. One of the former is already repaired, and is running to-day. Several more will be in running order in two or three days. The result is all I could possibly desire.  
H. W. HALLECK,  
Major General Commanding.

Gen. Pope did not "push hard" upon me with 40,000 men, thirty miles from Corinth on the 4th inst., for my troops occupied a defensive line in the rear of Twenty Mile Creek, less than twenty-five miles from Corinth until the 8th inst., when the want of good water induced me to retire at my leisure to a better position; moreover, if Gen. Pope had attempted at any time during the retreat from Corinth, to push hard upon me, I would have given him a lesson that would have checked his ardor, but he was careful to advance only after my troops had retired from each successive position.

The retreat was conducted with great order and precision, doing much credit to the officers and men under my orders, and most looked upon in every respect by the country as equivalent to a brilliant victory. Gen. Pope must certainly have dreamed of having taken 10,000 prisoners and 15,000 stand of arms, for we positively never lost them; about one or two hundred stragglers would probably cover all the prisoners he took, and about five hundred damaged muskets all the arms he got; these, belonged to a convalescent camp (four miles north of Corinth) evacuated during the night, and were overlooked on account of the darkness. The actual number of prisoners taken during the retreat was about equal on both sides, and they were not few.

Major General Halleck must be a very credulous man to believe the absurd story of "that farmer." He ought to know that the burning of two or more cars on a railroad is not sufficient to make "Beauregard frantic" and ridiculous, especially when I expected to hear every moment of the capture of his marauding party, whose departure from Farmington had been communicated to me the day before, and I had given in consequence all necessary orders; but a part of my forces passed Brownville an hour before the arrival of Colonel Elliott's command, and the other part arrived just in time to drive it away, and liberate the convalescents captured, unfortunately, however, not in time to save four of the sick who were barbarously consumed in the station house. Let Col. Elliott's name descend to infamy as the author of such a revolting deed. Gen. Halleck did not capture nine locomotives. It was only by the accidental destruction of a bridge before some trains had passed that he got seven engines in a damaged condition, the cars having been burned by my orders.

It is indeed lamentable to see how little our enemies respect truth and justice when speaking of their military operations, especially when, through inability or over confidence, they meet with deserved failure.

If the result be "all he desired," it can be said he is easily satisfied; it remains to be seen whether his Government, and people are of the like opinion.

I attest that all we lost at Corinth, and during the retreat, would not amount to one day's expenses of his army.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,  
G. T. BEAUREGARD.

## Obstructions in the James River.

The Norfolk correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer writes:

The news from the upper James River shows that the intricacies of its narrow channel are considerable, and in themselves would form no slight obstacle in the approach by water (of most gunboats) to Richmond, even could our vessels jump the artificial obstructions near Drury's Bluff, but these are of so permanent a character, that it is said months of uninterrupted labor would be required to force a passage through them.

Deserters say that the enemy have sunk an infernal machine, containing four tons of powder, in the river, a short distance below the fort, and so arranged as to be sprung from shore, which is the only true way whereby such machines may be made dangerous, as in no other way can they be exploded at the proper moment.

The Appomattox, for five or six miles below Petersburg, is reported as being little more than a canal, with high banks closely fringed with trees and undergrowth; fine shelter for sharpshooters, of which the enemy have seven thousand in the vicinity, and as there is only a depth of water sufficient for armed boats, these last, should they attempt the ascent, would be almost entirely at the mercy of the rebel sharpshooters.

## THEY GO RIGHT TO THE SPOT INSTANT RELIEF! STOP YOUR COUGH! PURIFY YOUR BREATH! STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICES!

## SPALDING'S Throat Confections,

ARE  
GOOD FOR CLERGYMEN,  
GOOD FOR LECTUREEES,  
GOOD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS,  
GOOD FOR SINGERS,  
GOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES,  
GENTLEMEN CARRY  
SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS  
LADIES ARE DELIGHTED WITH  
SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.  
CHILDREN CRY FOR  
SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.

They relieve a Cough instantly.  
They clear the Throat.  
They give strength and volume to the voice.  
They impart a delicious aroma to the breath.  
They are delightful to the taste.  
They are made of simple herbs and cannot harm any one.

I advise every one who has a Cough or a Husky Voice or a Bad Breath or any difficulty of the Throat, to get a package of my Throat Confections, they will relieve you instantly, and you will agree with me that "they go right to the spot." You will find them very useful and pleasant while travelling or attending public meeting for stilling your Cough allaying your thirst. If you try one package I am safe in saying that you will ever afterwards consider them indispensable. You will find them at the Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

My signature on each package. All other are counterfeit.

A Package will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of Thirty Cents.

Address,  
HENRY C. SPALDING,  
No. 48 CEDAR STREET, NEW-YORK.

## Cephalic Pills CURE Sick Headache CURE Nervous Headache CURE All kinds of Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periods attacks of Nervous or Sick Headache may be prevented, and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the Nausea and Headaches to which females are so subject. They act gently upon the bowels, removing Costiveness.

For Literary Men Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of sedentary habits, they are valuable as a restorative, improving the appetite, giving tone and vigor to the digestive organs, restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

THE CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation, and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved vast numbers of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the nervous system or in an advanced state of the stomach.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!  
The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each box.

Sold by Druggists and all other Dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail prepaid on receipt of the PRICE 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to  
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## THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF CEPHALIC PILLS, WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM HEADACHE,

WHAT A  
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. Spalding, they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this scientific discovery.

MASONVILLE, CONN, Feb. 5, 1861.  
SPALDING.

Sir:  
I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and I like them so well that I want you to send me two dollars worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you. Send the pills by mail, and oblige  
Your obt. Servant,  
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERTFORD, PA., Feb. 1861.  
Mr. Spalding,  
Sir:

I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills. I have received a great deal of benefit from them.

Yours, respectfully,  
MARY ANN STOKHOUSE.

A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually.

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SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!  
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!  
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